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The son of the sun

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THE
SON OF THE SUN;

OR, THE
FATE OF PHAETON.

THE
SON OF THE SUN;

OR, THE

FATE OF PHAETON:

A CLASSICAL BURLESQUE BURLETTA,
IN ONE ACT.

BY

GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE KING INCOG.," "THE REVOLT OF THE WORKHOUSE," ETC.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE FITZROY THEATRE,
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1834.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1834.



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A385

Harjette and Savill, 107, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>Jupiter, (<i>holding the thunder, lightning, winds, and the reins of the celestial government</i>) - - -</p>	}	MR. PERRY.
<p>Apollo, (<i>the Sun, and Father of Phaeton</i>) - -</p>	-	MISS CRISP.
<p>Phaeton, (<i>a young spark, setting every thing on fire</i>)</p>	-	MISS CHAPLIN
<p>Epaphus, (<i>son of a cow, and a bit of a bully</i>) -</p>	-	MR. MANDERS.
<p>Cyclops, (<i>a singular illustration of "eye by itself, eye"</i>)</p>	-	MR. GOUGH
<p>Vulcan, (<i>one of the numerous family of Smiths</i>) -</p>	-	MR. ROGERS.
<p>Pan, (<i>hir-sute in his suit</i>) - - - - -</p>	-	MR. UPSDELL.
<p>Boreas, {</p>	{	MR. NORTON.
<p>Eurus, { (<i>two hail-y gale-y characters</i>) - -</p>	{	MR. WILSON.
<p>The Earth, (<i>a revolutionary character</i>) - - -</p>	-	MR. JONES.
<p>Bacchus, (<i>accustomed to wine, but never out of spirits</i>)</p>	-	MR. CROWTHER.
<p>The Rain, (<i>one of the powers that be</i>) - -</p>	-	MR. EDWARDS.
<p>Lightning, (<i>the original Flare-up</i>) - - -</p>	-	MR. RICHARDS.
<p>And the Role (<i>as the French say</i>) of the Thunder</p>	-	MR. THOMPSON.
<p>Cupid, (<i>a little boy, attached to High-men, Hymen</i>)</p>	-	MAST. THOMAS.
<p>Venus, (<i>a beauty, giving her countenance to the Fancy Fair</i>)</p>	-	MRS. MANDERS.
<p>Juno, (<i>a yellow stocking, patronizing the blue stockings</i>)</p>	-	MISS J. COOKE.
<p>Minerva, (<i>conceived by Jupiter, all out of his own head</i>)</p>	-	MISS ORME.
<p>Hebe, (<i>who should a she be</i>) - - - - -</p>	-	MISS HOLMES.
<p>Clymene, (<i>having committed a faux pa', and ma of Phaeton</i>)</p>	-	MRS. PEARCE.
<p>Thalia</p>	}	MRS. HOLMES.
<p>Melpomene</p>	}	MISS ELDRIGE.
<p>Clio</p>	}	MISS NASH.
<p>Euterpe</p>	}	MRS. GOUGH.
<p>Terpsichore</p>	}	MDLLE. MARIE.
<p>Polyhymnia</p>	}	MISS PEACE.
<p>Erato</p>	}	MRS. ROGERS.
<p>Urania</p>	}	MISS BARTON.
<p>Calliope</p>	}	MRS. LOCK.

*The Nine Muses, reviving under the
benign influence of the Fancy Fair*

THE
SON OF THE SUN;

OR, THE
FATE OF PHAETON.

SCENE I.

A Fancy Fair, for the benefit of the distressed Muses, under the immediate patronage of her most Gracious Majesty JUNO. The Stage fitted up with stalls, having the names of VENUS, MINERVA, and others of the Goddesses who are stationed behind them. PHAETON, VULCAN, PAN, one of the CYCLOPS, EPAPHUS, &c., &c., promenading.

MARKET CHORUS.—(*Masaniello.*)

COME hither, all who wish to buy,
And patronize our Fancy Fair ;
We've quizzing glasses for the eye,
And rich Macassar for the hair !
Come, buy my bear's-grease, none so fine—
Here's patent brandy, sparkling wine ;
'Tis I that sell the best, 'tis I,
Come hither all who wish to buy !

JUNO. Come all and purchase,—none can sure refuse
To yield, while here, a little to a-Muse.
'Tis a hard thing, indeed, I must confess,
To find the sacred Nine in such distress.

- PHAET. Those royal lips can never plead in vain;
Be good enough to put me up that chain.
But what has fair Minerva brought to sell?
- MINER. The Penny Mag.; and I'll a secret tell—
'Tis edited—let it no farther go—
By Minos, the Lord Chancellor below!
- PHAET. Indeed! and what has lovely Venus brought?
- VENUS. Oh! I have charms to sell of every sort—
Here is a wash to mollify the skin.
- VUL. Let's have a little for my grizzly chin.
- VENUS. This powder will remove superfluous hair.
- PAN. I'll have six-penn'orth, for my legs, I swear!
- VENUS. I've everything—false teeth, false hair, false nose,
Splendid false eyes!
- CYCL. Eyes! I'll have one of those,
So that no more the little boys shall cry out,
“*See there he goes, poor fellow, with his eye out!*”
- PHAET. Upon my honour, Venus, I declare,
I never saw you looking half so fair!
To deal in charms, you are adapted well,
Having yourself so large a stock to sell!
- VENUS. Indeed you flatter.
- PHAET. 'Pon my soul, not I!
I do but speak the truth.
- EPAP. (*Aside.*) Now, that's a lie!
That puppy Phaeton is always talking
Soft stuff to Venus; I'm resolved on balking
The fellow's coxcombry—his only trade is,
To play the fool with the celestial ladies!
- PHAET. (*to VENUS.*) I'll take this pot of bear's-grease.
- VENUS. Thank you—there,
'Twill give a rich luxuriance to your hair.

EPAP. (*advancing to PHAET.*) I think, young man, you did not want that stuff,

You give yourself already *airs* enough.

PHAET. Indeed! you think so? Have a care, sir, do;
My *airs* don't end in giving *blows* to you!

EPAP. Your blows would pass me like the idle breeze;
Yourself I scorn, and at your threats I sneeze.

VENUS. How's this? Pray, gentlemen, don't make a row!

PHAET. Daring to talk to me—son of a cow!

EPAP. A cow, sir, did you say?

PHAET. Yes, sir; for Io,
Your mother, was one,—that you can't deny O;
And if we knew it not (*excuse my laugh*),
Her son would shew it, being such a calf!

EPAP. This is too bad! and now, sir, I'm inclined
To let you know a little of my mind.

PHAET. He's going to speak his mind!—his *mind*, oh! lord,
Poor calf, of course, he will not say a word.

EPAP. Won't I though? Of my mother you've made fun,
Apollo—

PHAET. Is my father—and the sun.

EPAP. Your father? nonsense! so you have been taught;
But take my word, he's nothing of the sort.
He's no relation; there is not a link
Between you; so he's farther than you think!

PHAET. That I'm Apollo's son, then, you deny?

(EPAPHUS *nods assent.*)

For this you'll make me an *Apollo-gy*!

EPAP. Think'st thou that I will e'er, presumptuous youth,
Apologize for having said the truth?

PHAET. I'll make you eat your words, whate'er may follow.

EPAPH. You make me eat them?—that I cannot swallow.

PHAET. *You've set my brains on fire*, and do not doubt
That you shall meet me!

EPAPH. What! to blow 'em out?

AIR.—PHAETON.—(*“Meet me by Moonlight.”*)

Meet me to-morrow at one,
And then we a duel will fight;
Remember to come quite alone,
To the cloud that's just round by the right.
You must promise to come, for I've said
From no one no nonsense I'd take,—
Bring bullets—though in that thick head
You've the stuff half-a-hundred to make.

(*Exit, L. H.*)

VENUS. Pray, Mr. Epaphus, let me entreat
You will not go that hasty youth to meet.

EPAPH. Madame, I'm sorry; but the fellow must
Pay for his prank by laying down his dust.

VENUS. Oh, post him!—get the little boys to hoot him;
In fact, dear sir, do any thing but shoot him.
Write him a letter, do not run him through—
Epistolary measures sure will do.

EPAPH. They will, perhaps; but not the sort you choose—
Pistols, and not *E—pistles*, we must use.

CHORUS.

“Away, away, to the mountain's brow.”

Away! away! to Olympus now,
Where the nectar's brightly flowing;
Away! away! to Olympus now,
Where the Winds their clouds are blowing.

Of articles now we've no more to sell—
 We've had such a prosperous day;
 How the cash the lank purse of the Muses will swell—
 Their debts they'll be able to pay.
 Away! away! &c. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

SCENE II.

Apartment in the House of CLYMENE.

Enter CLYMENE and PHAETON, L. H.

- PHAET. I'm in a fury,—tell me now, by Gemini,
 Am I Appollo's son? Speak, Mrs. Clymene.
- CLYM. What means my boy?
- PHAET. Speak, Madam,—who begot me?
- CLYM. Well here's a nice kick up indeed—od rot me!
 Apollo is your father.
- PHAET. Say you so?
- CLYM. Yes; and, indeed, I think I ought to know.
 But what has, with these doubts, your head been
 filling?—
 Has Phœbus cut you off without a shilling?
 Has he your pocket money lately stopp'd?
 Tell me, my son, is your allowance lopp'd?
 Or what has made you thus distracted run,
 Thinking yourself no farther Phœbus' son?
- PHAET. 'Tis none of these! I've had my weekly pittance—
 Uncheck'd has been my usual remittance;
 But Epaphus has just now dared to hint
 That which I fear—I hope there's nothing in't.

CLYM. My son, these cruel doubts of yours distress me.
Think'st thou that I don't know your father?—bless
me!

That slanderer, Epaphus, I will indict him.

PHAET. Pooh! that is useless,—I intend to fight him.
If I do prove him false, I'll let his soul
Out of his body by a bullet hole.

CLYM. I fear you doubt me still—perhaps you'd rather,
For satisfaction, go and see your father.
Go seek his palace, then, incredulous youth,
He'll let you know whether I speak the truth.
He can inform you every thing about it;—
Go! for you'll not be satisfied without it.

PHAET. I will;—but be not angry that I seek
Corroboration of the words you speak—
I'll knock that Epaphus into next week.

AIR.—PHAETON.

“ Are you angry, mother ?”

Are you angry, mother, mother ?

Oh! no, no! no, no!

Should I undecided go?

No, no, no! no, no!

Of your fame, when they make light,

Am I wrong to learn the right?

Mother, I feel the charge he brings

Is the most serious of things.

You may, perhaps, have been too gay—

(She threatens him.)

Well forgive me, mother, pray.

Be not angry, mother, mother, with your son—

One cross look would spoil his fun;

Be not angry, mother, with your son.

(Exeunt, L. H.)

SCENE III.

*Olympus.**APOLLO discovered, surrounded by the Muses.*

CHORUS OF MUSES.

"Glorious Apollo."

Glorious Apollo! from on high beheld us
 Wandering to find a temple for his praise;
 But, when below, there was nobody upheld us—
 We could get nought to clothe us but our bays.
 All were combining,
 Heart and purse joining,
 Us to degrade in all sorts of ways.

(Pas seul by TERPSICHOPE.)

- APOL. I'm glad to see you back again, dear ladies.
 The worst of specs below I fear your trade is.
 You've been in London, and your faded looks
 Shew me you were not in the folk's good books.
- THALIA. *Good books!* I saw none; and 'tis very true
 We Muses with their books have nought to do.
- APOL. Grub-street, I hear, you made your favorite seat.
- THA. "*Lucus a non lucendo*" Grub from nought to eat.
- APOL. Well, but you've staid a precious time below;
 Something of your adventures I would know.
 Clio, how came you on? What was your fate,
 Whose province 'tis great deeds to celebrate?
- CLIO. Oh! I was out of work, because I vow
 Great deeds to celebrate there are none now.

- APOL. Euterpe, Music's Muse, I understand
That you had lodgings somewhere in the Strand.
- EUT. Oh ! the Lyceum ! yes ; I had a bout of it
For a short time, until they burnt me out of it.
- APOL. Melpomene, Thalia,—still remain
Your temples, I suppose, near Drury-lane ?
- THAL. Our temples ! Yes ; as usual they stand,
Extensively superb, and coldly grand.
But, oh ! the worship's wholly chang'd ! Ah me ! it is
A cruel thing—they've turn'd out us poor deities.
My friend Melpomene's dagger, and her bowl,
Are in the clutches of a noisy soul,
With Madame Melodrama for her name.
- APOL. That's downright usurpation.
- ALL. Shame ! oh, shame !
- THAL. And as for me, my place—a pretty pass !—
Is taken by a vulgar thing, called Farce.
- APOL. But where is Shakspeare ?
- THAL. Bless me, don't you know ?
Shakspeare is trampled on.
- APOL. By whom ?
- THAL. Ducrow.
- APOL. Too bad, upon my honour. Muse of Dance—
Terpsichore—I hear you've been in France.
- THAL. Yes ; and she's even there by proxy yet.
You've heard that Taglioni is her pet.
- APOL. And Polyhymnia, sweet Muse of Song,
Have they on earth, dear maid, done thee, too, wrong ?
- THAL. Yes ; she encountered many a sad disaster ;
And so resigned.
- APOL. To whom ?
- THAL. To Madame Pasta !

- APOL. Well, never mind ; bright days may yet await
You all ; and I am very glad to state—
The fancy fair has realized a sum
Which will amount to nearly half a plum.
- THAL. So much as that ? you please and quite astound one.
A plum is a large sum indeed—a *round* one.
- APOL. Yes ; and I hope 'twill give you handsome dowrs.
Muses, you know, like love, can't live on flowers.

Enter PHAETON.

- PHAET. Ladies—your servant. Phœbus, how d'ye do ?
- APOL. I'm pretty well, I thank ye. How are you ?
- PHAET. Rather so-so (*looking towards the Muses*).
- APOL. What is it that you drive at ?
- PHAET. I want to have a little talk in private.
- APOL. Ye Nine ! get out ; there's nought to be polite
about.
So take up each your pens ; and now face right
about.
- THAL. Whose face are we to write about ?
- APOL. Why mine,
Your own or any,—but, abscond, ye Nine.
(*Exeunt MUSES.*)
- PHAET. Father, I'm brought here by a horrid *tale*.
- APOL. Methinks your legs had been of more avail.
But to your errand ! What d'ye want with me ?
- PHAET. Merely to tell me who the deuce I be.
- APOL. You surely do forget yourself, my son ;
Or of your father come to make vile fun.
- PHAET. Oh, say the word again ! Are you my father ?
- APOL. Upon my honour, I believe so rather,

Unless your worthy mother, Mrs. Clym.,
 Was guilty of the *Con.* below called *Crim.* ;
 But I believe she really was above it ;
 They say you are my son ; and don't this prove it ?
 (*Gives PHAETON a paper.*)

PHAET. Indeed this document doth volumes speak—
 “ Affiliation ” — “ half-a-crown a week. ”
 I wonder that they didn't thicker lay it on :
 So cheaply now one couldn't keep his Phaeton.
 Such evidence as this there's no gainsaying—
 None but a father would his son be paying.

APOL. And now, to further prove that you're my son,
 Ask favours, and I'll yield them.

PHAET. Grant but one !

APOL. With pleasure ; any thing, my boy, to prove
 The full extent of my paternal love.

PHAET. Lend me then, Sire, your curricl and pair,
 Through the ethereal blue to take the air.

APOL. My blazing curricl ! oh, mad desire !
 To take the *air*, my son ;—you will take *fire* !
 Ask something else, though this I e'en must grant
 Unless you change your mind.

PHAET. Papa, I sha'nt !

APOL. Consider well ; there's not a soul but I
 Can guide that chariot along the sky !
 E'en Jove, who holds the reins of heaven, dreads
 To take in hand my pair of thorough breds.
 No omnibus that rolls down Holborn Hill
 Requires equal strength or equal skill !
 I tell you, not the finest whip in town
 Would dare to drive my prads two stages down.

PHAET. Father, I am resolved !—taken my course is !

APOL. Well, if it must be so, it must. (*To persons without.*) Put to the horses.

DUO.—APOLLO AND PHAETON.—(*La Sonnambula.*)

“*Oh ! I cannot give expression.*”

APOLLO. Oh ! I cannot give expression
To my most sincere impression,
That you'd better have discretion,
And leave my coach alone.

PHAET. Oh, no, no,
'Tis no use appealing,
For I'm resolved on feeling
The ecstasy of wheeling
Through endless space alone.
Yes, that is the only measure
To prove I'm my father's treasure
Since he lets me drive alone.

Yes, it is the only measure.
No ! 'tis no use appealing, &c.

APOLLO. Ah, to destruction be not prone.
Oh ! I cannot give expression, &c.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

A Valley.

Enter EPAPHUS, R. H.

EPAPH. This is the place ;—the hour is very near
For meeting Phaeton. Oh ! I feel queer.
Fighting's a very pretty thing to talk about,
But not to do ! I've not the strength to walk about.
Each moment that I wait my fears increase :
There is one hope still left me—the Police !

Perhaps he'll plant a bullet in my head;—
 I'm sure about that part I want no lead;—
 Or, if he comes to fence, my trunk he'll spoil,
 Unless Police appear his views to foil!
 I never felt so much alarmed before.
 A duel is a most terrific bore.

AIR.—EPAPHUS.—HOFER. (*Rossini.*)

“*Beautiful War.*”

To their seconds the duellists bluster,
 Each thinking his foe is coy,
 And at length they courage muster
 To meet though it both annoy.
Lira la la lira la lor !
 See the seconds pace the ground,
Lira la la lira la lor !
 Both the foes, in thought profound,
Lira la la lira la lor !
 Gaze on the kerchief wav'd before,
Lira la la lira la lor !
Horrible bore !
Horrible bore !
 Go and boast of duels fought—
Lira la la lira la lor !
 Ye who of them do know nought ;
 Those who do will only roar—
Terrible bore !
Terrible bore !

Enter PHAETON, L. H.

PHAET. Well, Mr. Epaphus, how do you feel,—
 Bolus of lead (*shewing pistols*) or lozenges of steel ?
 (*producing foils.*)

EPAPH. Why, to be plain, our quarrel scanning o'er,
 I have resolved a duel is a bore.

PHAET. Then, Sir, apologize ! Am I the son
Of great Apollo ? (*Presents pistol.*)

EPAPH. Yes !—of any one.

PHAET. Then pray, Sir, say not one word more about it ;
I won't be shot. I'm satisfied without it !

EPAPH. And so am I ; but, lest our courage should
Be doubted by the world, just be so good
To perforate my vestment with your foil. (*Phaeton
does so.*)

Thank you ! and thus your garment do I spoil.

PHAET. Now, then, I go my father's steeds to drive,
On which account I'm glad I kept alive.

DUET. — PHAETON AND EPAPHUS.

AIR—" *Green Hills of Tyrol.*"

PHAET. You chose to-day, at the Bazaar,
Rude things to say about my Pa ;
But, as it is, you see
You have explained to me,
Or you would never be
Where now, Sir, you are.

EPAPH. Well, let's be still, nor talk of war,
For me to kill would be a bore.
I'm very glad you see
I have explained to thee ;
For there's no wish in me
T'other world to explore!

(*Exeunt, R. H.*)

SCENE V.

Olympus.

JUPITER seated on his throne, surrounded by the WINDS, RAIN,
LIGHTNING, GODS, GODDESSES, &c.

CHORUS.—(AUBER.)

“*Hail to Masaniello.*”

Jove is a nice old fellow !
Awful, indeed, is his frown ;
His voice, if he choose to bellow,
Could knock all his subjects down.

JUPIT. You're right, it could. Now listen while I say,
What you've respectively to do to-day.
Rain, you'll be wanted down on earth an hour,
To give the Londoners a gentle shower.
And you must to St. James's Park, my Thunder,—
There's an old tree or two to knock asunder.
My worthy Boreas to the Thames may go
And give the cockney mariners a blow :
In wherries, where the sails are loose, just tighten
'em ;
Now mind you don't upset them ; only frighten 'em :
Attend to my commands. I'll tell you what,
We feel our throne is getting deuced hot,—
What can it be ? Has the Sun brought too near
His fiery chariot ?—Send Apollo here.

(*Enter APOLLO.*)

Oh, here you are ! Pray can you me inform
What is it makes the skies so very warm ?

- APOL. Dread Jove! my son has got my car to-day with
him,
And I'm afraid the steeds have run away with him.
- JUPIT. Why did you let him have it?
- APOL. He would take it.
- JUPIT. If he comes near Olympus, zounds! he'll bake it.
- APOL. Spite of remonstrance, and repeated warning,
Off he would start at six o'clock this morning.

AIR—APOLLO.—HOFER. (*Rossini.*)

“*Sweetly on the wings of Morning.*”

Fleetly off at six this morning
Phaeton did sally.

Hi, hi, hi, hi!

Though I gave him ample warning,
That he did not *val-le*.

Hi, hi, hi, hi!

Flame, the horses' nostrils breathing,
On they gallop pretty well;
He through clouds and æther wreathing,
Thinks he's cutting quite a swell;
But, ere long, the steeds get wrong,
In furious gallop raging,
And he plies the vigorous thong,
Without their pace assuaging,—
Horses galloping—he still walloping—
Steeds, with fire hot reeking,
Turnpikes clearing—tolls not fearing—
Man for money shrieking;
Till the gate of heaven clearing,
Through the skies he bolts away,—
He will soon, I fear, be veering
Up about this very way.
Yes, yes, off at six this morning,
Phaeton did sally, &c.!

JUPIT. What's to be done? Apollo, you're his sire!
 Can I permit him thus to set on fire
 These realms above? for in that case, what hinders
 Our *ashes* being settled—burnt to *cinders*?
 We have no engines on the flames to spout,
 With ingenuity to put them out.
 What's to be done for my abode to save it?
 Oh, ho! come hither, Mercury, I have it,—
 Run and tell Vulcan straight a bolt to forge;

(*Exit MERCURY.*)

Or send one ready by him; for, by George!
 This Phaeton will be on us with his car
 Before we know precisely where we are.

(*PHAETON passes rapidly along the back of the stage—the chariot all in flames, &c.*)

We shall be burnt. Is their no shower at hand?
 No, I forgot,—I sent one to the Strand!
 This youth does into such a fever throw me.
 Come hither, Boreas, where are you? Blow me!

VENUS. You said the Thames his presence would require.

JUPIT. Why, surely, no one's set the Thames on fire;
 But never mind,—Venus, supply his place,
 Give me a blow—a good one—in the face!

(*VENUS comes up, and puffs in JUPITER'S face.*
EARTH raises up his head at the back of the stage.)

JUPIT. Well, Earth, how are you? Welcome,—let me
 toast thee!

EARTH. Upon my word, I think you want to roast me.

If you'd destroy me, with your thunder pelt me!
 But soften, Jove, yourself, and do not melt me!
 Don't let me perish thus, my Father trusty.

JUPIT. I see you're *baking*, for you're getting *crusty*,—
 Should you catch fire, I'll put you out.

EARTH. What said he?

Zounds! 'tis enough to put me out already.

JUPIT. Where's Neptune? Can't he cool you, noisy elf?

EARTH. Neptune's been on the boil this hour himself.

Well, I must go at once, before I choke,
 I'm nearly suffocating—curse the smoke!

(*EARTH descends.*)

Enter MERCURY.

MER. Here is the bolt, great Jupiter; it weighs
 Just half a hundred weight, old Vulcan says.

(*Gives bolt to JUPITER.*)

JUPIT. Pardon me, Phœbus, that I kill your son—
 I hope you're satisfied it must be done.

APOL. Your Majesty would not be safe without it;
 Therefore don't say another word about it.

JUPIT. Now all ye rains, expend each watery spout;
 Ye thunders, roar; ye lightnings, too, fork out.

(*He discharges the thunderbolt, amid a general noise of wind,
 rain, &c., and the sobbing of the characters.*)

AIR & CHORUS.—(*Laughing Chorus, Der Freischütz.*)

APOLLO AND CHORUS.

Why, good people, are you crying?
 In the river some one's lying?
 'Tis my poor drown'd son I know—
 Jove has killed him—oh, oh, oh!

(*Crying Chorus.*) Ho, ho, ho!

APOL. Alas! I told him what would be his fate,
But he would drive my car at any rate.
But, Jove, relent—although my son took fire,
Oh, let his ducking also cool your ire.

JUPIT. Well, let him come to life; 'tis true we drench'd him,
But we are satisfied if we have quench'd him;
Our royal clemency, sure, none can doubt—
He may come in, as he has been put out.

Enter PHAETON.

PHAET. (*Rushing to APOLLO*). Receive me safe from water
and from fire.

Be cheerful now, and sigh no more, my sire.

APOL. My son, how feel you?

PHAET. Why, the fall was such,
I'm giddy.

JUPIT. Oh, you've had a drop too much.

PHAET. But here are friends to give a helping hand,—
If they will but support me, I shall stand.

APOL. And let me hope the horses of the Sun,
Like horses elsewhere, long may have a run.
Their steeds and cars let others idly brag on,
We wish our chariot to have no *drag-on*;
And though an overflow is our desire,
Throw not cold water on our Phaeton's fire.
You won't!—those smiles possess such influence
o'er us,
Our crying's changed into the laughing chorus.

AIR—APOLLO—AND CHORUS.

Since our gambols do delight you,
Come to-morrow—we invite you,
Smiling as e'en now you are,
While we join with ha, ha, ha!

(*Laughing Chorus.*) Ha, ha, ha:

THE

REVOLT OF THE WORKHOUSE.



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A Beckett, Gilbert Abbott
The son of the sun

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